

T H E
R E F U T A T I O N;
A P O E M.

Addressed to the AUTHOR of

T H E
J U S T I F I C A T I O N.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]



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Addressed to the A U T H O R of

T H E
J U S T I F I C A T I O N. *K*

TECUM PRIUS ERGO VOLUTA
HÆC ANIMO ANTE TUBAS.

JUVENAL.

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THE

REFUTATION

A

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE

JUSTIFICATION



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THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

P R E F A C E.

I H A V E ever considered severe satire as rather a proof of a discontented mind, than, as it is generally termed, a work for the good of the human race. That a man, who loads my name with the most opprobrious epithets, and injures my reputation as much as is in his power, should call himself mine and the world's friend, seems to me a most glaring absurdity. Do we conceive, under the name of friendship and the support of virtue, a desire of scattering the foulest abuse around, and sowing the seeds of discord among the sweetest flowers of society? I rather take the reverse to be implied.

But it will be argued, that he who scourges vice, certainly shows a rectitude of disposition and morals, in the highest degree commendable. It may be so; but in my opinion much depends on the manner in which it is delivered. The man who seeks to disturb my rest with
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the basest abuse, and threatens every vengeance that malice can invent, may be my friend; but I take his friendship to be of infinite more value, who by amicable expostulation endeavours to reform my conduct, than his, who strives to terrify me into repentance. The good effects of the one's advice are permanent, of the other's, momentary.

"Ease would recant

"Vows made in pain, as violent, and void."

MILTON.

Satire is a cloak, which, in this present age, we too often see lined with the fashionable fur of scandal. Does any one asperse his neighbour's reputation? He instantly vindicates his conduct by calling himself a Satirist. Does any ungrateful bard repay the kindness of his friend, with the most gross abuse? He is a Satirist. In short, the word, in its present corrupted signification, implies, an undoubted right of censuring, scandalizing, and venting the foulest reproaches on all mankind.—Nor is the smallest apology for this conduct at present deemed necessary: the road that's strewn with the blackest thorns of calumny, is now become *honourable*. Greatness fears to resent the injuries she receives, and Justice trembles as she brings the rod to scourge the offender. This may be
thought.

thought the language of a caviller; but if I am capable of forming a judgment from a satiric production now before me, it is the language of truth;—and if I can believe my eyes---it is the language of a celebrated poem.

The present age abounds much more with follies, than vices. To load each thoughtless foible of youth with the black name of vice, is acting a very unmanly, a very cruel part. There are many errors daily committed by the unthinking few, that though certainly wrong and improper, proceed rather from mistaken notions, than from a depraved heart. Alas, were those who so readily censure the minute faults in others, to take a serious view of their own conduct, they would find themselves guilty of many improprieties, equally culpable, equally deserving of reproof. Hurried along by the stream of pleasure, we too often regard with thoughtless contempt the sage advice of the ridiculed monitor, that from the gloomy bank of reason imparts his rigid sentences. Fashion is a goddess, that, in these erring times, meets with the most fantastic adoration from her numerous votaries: but sure this is an excusable, an unguilty sacrifice; load it not with the name of vice; a softer appellation would do more honour

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to the heart that dictated it. The follies of this age are fraught rather with temporary giddiness than premeditated guilt. Humanity should rather pity than reproach them; for me, a frail man myself, I forbear to pass that censure, which the next truant action of my life might turn on my own head. Let the sanctified throng use Virtue's sacred name at every word; 'tis not the outward action always proves the innate goodness; virtue may be found sparkling under the disguise of folly, nor blush to take her seat beneath the nodding plumes of fashion.

THE

T H E

R E F U T A T I O N.

IF satire flows from ranc'rous pens alone,

'Thy poem is satirical I own :

'Tis just no reputations should be free,

If such its source, but rise and fall by thee :

'Tis just, whene'er you want a fresh supply,

Some spotless noble character should die :

'Tis just—But hold ; the Muse her flight restrains :

Her honest verse th' unworthy theme disdains.

Successive winters has thy snarling verse

Prov'd thee society's inveterate curse.

Long have I smil'd at thy satiric Muse,
 Slow to all praise, tho' ready to abuse.
 At length receive what all allow is fit ;
 And take the just correction of thy wit.
 Take it from one a stranger to applause,
 Whose sole advantage is an upright cause.

* Know satire, when its arrows give offence
 To soft compassion, is malevolence :
 And such is thine ; the verse that dare offend
 The laws of candour must be rancour's friend.
 The man who seeks my foibles to expose,
 Black malice, in her blackest colours, shows :
 While he who kindly strives my faults to mend,
 And gives me wholesome counsel, is my friend.
 Say, should a bard, with satire's keenest sting,
 Proclaim to all your failings, loudly sing
 Your vices ; would you deem him friend or foe ?
 Say, would you brave, or sink beneath the blow ?

* Vide Justification, page 9. Line 1st, &c.

'Tis just ; 'tis true : but will you own its force,
 Or thro' bravado hold your former course ?
 Tho' Reason prompt to leave the vicious way,
 Mistaken Honour calls, and you obey.
 But should a friend, with counsel warm, sincere,
 Diffuade from vice, and to your private ear
 The pangs of guilt in blackest words express,
 And shew fair Virtue in her fairest dress ;
 Kindle each spark of honour in thy heart,
 And faithful counsel to your mind impart ;
 Vice and its train of passions must retreat,
 And Virtue in thy breast resume her seat ;
 Returning Virtue would each folly crush,
 And all your errors vanish in a blush.

Far diff'rent thy design ; not such thy plan ;
 Thy aim's to irritate, not mend the man.
 Should B——'s breast with public virtue glow,
 Farewel the source whence all your riches flow !

Should S—— quit th' allurements of the fair,
 And D——y leave the town for Surry air;
 Should H——'s hand distribute lib'ral alms,
 And cousin A—— take to singing psalms;
 No Diaboliads would fill your purse,
 But reformation prove to you a curse.
 Had not this age some erring thoughtless men,
 Poets like you might lay aside their pen.
 Poets, that only write to mend the age,
 And seek no profit from their saint-like page;
 Who, * *God's immediate Ministers*, but write
 To punish vice, and shew the ways of light;
 Who ne'er with flattery bedaub their lays,
 Whose honest minds can't stoop to servile praise,
 (Yet talk of † "Honour'd Lords to whom 'tis given
 "To practise ev'ry virtue under heaven")
 Poets like these must then sure hold their tongue,
 And strains satiric be no longer sung.

* Vide Justification, p. 9. l. 4.

† Ibid. p. 10. l. 18.

Nor in thy verse profane great Satire's name;
 Thy verse to harden tends, her's to reclaim.
 Thy pen 'tis malice, only malice guides,
 B—— secure thy vain attack derides.
 The fought-for bribe I doubt you'll never see,
 His * *golden wife* will keep her gold from thee,
 And H—— is not fam'd for bribery.
 To other themes then tune your swelling lays;
 Satire may want, when much is gain'd by praise.
 And tho' with patience you *can* † *lay your head*
On the cold ground—yet most prefer a bed.
 Tho' poets often in heroic measure,
 Despise both heat and cold, both want and treasure,
 We often see them as by instinct fly
 To the warm fire, to shun th' inclement sky.
 And tho' they poverty's sweet cause defend,
 They'll sometimes gold accept—t'oblige a friend.

* Vide Justification, p. 23. l. 18.

† Ibid. p. 23. l. 17.

* Know then for poets such as you and I
 There is a goddess named Poverty.
 Her maxim this, "Proceed, my son, get pelf;
 "Ne'er mind the manner, so you help yourself."
 This the sole purpose of her ample plan,
 By various means she actuates the man.
 To these she gives to write satiric lays,
 To those th' insinuating balm of praise.
 † Courage prepar'd to conquer those who'll fight her,
 And panegyric to adorn a ‡ mitre.
 To some *her fav'rites* she imparts the whole,
 § And blends th' abusive with the fawning soul.

The starving parent who his offspring loves,
 By kind donations his affection proves.
 When to his child he gives the scanty store,
 Nor heeds the little beggar's prayers for more;
 Does he a father's tenderness deny?
 No, no—he only shews his poverty.

* Vide Justification, from p. 6. l. 14, to p. 8. l. 4.

† Ibid. p. 32. l. 7.

‡ Ibid. p. 39. l. 6.

§ Ibid. l. 8.

—When the sad parent from the roaring main,
Beholds his wretched son return again;
Beholds him worn with hunger, care, and grief,
And seem to beg a father's kind relief;
T' assist incapable, he heaves a sigh:
What call you this?—'tis conscious poverty.

—Or should a fever's cruel pains annoy
The parch'd-up body of his fav'rite boy;
When he all-writhing roars the racks he feels,
And raves delirious of ideal meals;
Down drops the tear from the sad father's eye:
Why weeps he?—'tis his conscious poverty.

Would'st thou from vice dissuade, and point the road
To better manners, use a better mode:
Cease with harsh terms the ears of vice t' assail,
Counsel will do, when blunt reproof may fail.
Satire's the last resource the man should try,
Who strives to save his friend from infamy.

In times like these (where folly's all the *ton*,
 And holds her reign o'er fashion's giddy throng)
 By tend'rest methods we should heal the fore;
 Advice is well enough—reproof's a *bore*.
 Would'st thou expand the sordid miser's heart,
 Believe me, friend, you play an erring part.
Gratis advise to make the pill go down;
 H—— won't buy advice *price half a crown*.
 To varying characters adapt thy song;
 What's right for one is for the other wrong.
 The drunkard loathes a sentimental line,
 But grasps at virtue drown'd in rosy wine.
 The jockey gallops from a preaching friend,
 Let Tatterfall turn parson, he'll attend.
 Nay, fair Devonian might plain sense pursue,
 Was reason talk'd of as a ——something new.
 To cure the erring, first their temper know;
 First learn what follies in their bosom grow.
 'Ere you endeavour fickle youth to mend,
 Your greatest point is, to be deem'd a friend:

To gain this object, diff'rent garbs assume;
 Be taylor, barber, politician, groom.
 The good effect of this you soon shall find,
 And mark improvement in your pupil's mind.
 By slow degrees we must our ends attain,
 And gild with pleasure ev'ry dose of pain.
 Would you the temper of a L— command;
 First *square your elbows, bear 'em four in hand*;
 Talk of high boxes and of double reins :
 Th' event will well reward your friendly pains.
 His friendship gain'd, he'll hear of right and wrong,
 And talk of virtue as he drives along.
 How sweet his talk, that strives to mend the heart !
 Whose gen'rous counsel acts the parent's part !
 The Muse shall crown him with her best applause,
 Who, kind to all, is true to virtue's cause.
 Blest be his labours, who, with well-taught truth,
 Weans from the ways of vice reforming youth !

Was this thy purpose, I thy verse would praise :
 But diff'rent objects tempt thy erring lays.

'Tis not thy view frail human kind to mend,
 And prove yourself a universal friend :
 In vain your specious language would conceal
 What all your sentiments aloud reveal.
 In ev'ry line we read, as sure we find,
 A snarling poet vex'd with all mankind.
 Malice the source of ev'ry verse we see,
 And read more rancour than good sense in thee.
 Does foul abuse deserve great Satire's name ?
 Are scandal's paths become the road to fame ?
 Hence with the thought ! In these degen'rate days,
 Is there no poet to rebuke such lays ?
 Yes ; I'll o'erthrow Detraction's baleful plan,
 And stand the advocate of injur'd man.
 In vain the cant of virtue may disguise,
 And clothe black calumny from vulgar eyes ;
 The faithful Muse shall bring each crime to light,
 And drag the villain from the shades of night.

But yet I pity thee, to see the rage
 That flames at B—— in thy lashing page ;

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To see the malice that thy satire fires ;
 To see the rancour that thy verse inspires ;
 To see thee dip thy pen in bitt'rst gall ;
 While B—— calmly reads, and laughs at all.
 He still, in spite of thy satiric strain,
 Will smirk and smile, and smile and smirk again.
 Thy stinging verse gives H—— no offence ;
 He yet is careful of his frugal pence :
 Onward he plods to hoard each mouldy groat,
 Nor heeds thy efforts—while they cost him nought.
 S——, regardless of each pointed lay,
 Reads all thy strictures unconcern'd to R——.
 The wild Devonia still on fashion doats,
 And turns thy satire into *papillotes*.
 With christian patience A—— lashing bears,
 Still hums Italian, and forgets his pray'rs.
 Spite of thy calls to leave the vicious way,
 Yet L-- -- -- will sometimes go astray.
 Thus wrong thy meaning and thy method wrong,
 Not one reforms of folly's num'rous throng.

Cease then rude strains ; some other method try :
 Be gentle, calm, a friend to sympathy.
 By diff'rent methods counsel diff'rent men,
 Youth should be treated with a lenient pen.
 To stop the follies that Devonia plays,
 Let reason, mix'd with laughter, deck thy lays.
 When truant thoughts from giddy breasts arise,
 Seek rather to remonstrate, than chastise.
 Virtue the garb of folly oft' assumes,
 Oft brightly peeps beneath wild Fashion's plumes:
 To wake the latent goddess from her dream,
 Let softest language plead on reason's theme.
 Let mild compassion on each sentence wait,
 And tempt with kindness, not dismay with hate.
 Kindness oft wins, when sharp reproaches fail,
 And vice will listen to a melting tale.
 Soft is th' advice that real friends impart,
 Mild the reproof that speaks the friendly heart: -- --
 Calm strains can still the breast of wild despair,
 And lull to sweetest slumbers, grief-worn care.

The soothing measures of the plaintive lyre,
 Can hush the wildest transports of desire.
 The verse that gently steals upon the ear,
 Can draw from soften'd vice th' unwilling tear;
 While the hoarse line that tears along the page,
 Rouses each vicious particle to rage.
 Each guilty passion joins to stand the shock,
 And braves repentance firm on error's rock.
 Such is thy verse, from such henceforth refrain,
 And quit the lashing, for the melting strain.
 B—— we see withstands the rude assault
 Of satire's thong that scourges ev'ry fault.
 Mildness may better lessons then afford,
 And back to virtue call the wand'ring lord.
 Perhaps the counsels of a placid friend
 May turn his heart, and gain the wish'd-for end.
 But never, never, will the threat'ning Muse
 Accomplish that her fruitless step pursues.

Leave then, great bard, your **honourable road*,
 And try for once a panegyric ode.
 You who so nobly praise a Chatham's name,
 And give great Rockingham to deathless fame:
 Yes; Saville, Camden, Rockingham you join,
 'To "clothe with pond'rous worth the splendid line:"
 Make one more †*grand triumvirate*; as grand
 Let B——, L——, and H——, stand.
 Th' exalted trio may reward thy pains,
 But never singly will repay thy strains.
 The three perhaps may one donation raise,
 'To pay thy fatigue and to hush thy lays.
 And, as subscriptions are the fashion grown,
 For op'ras, masquerades, and for the crown,
 A——, Devonian, and the modish throng,
 Will—*put their names down*—to reward thy song.

* Vide Justification, p. 37. l. 14.

† Ibid. p. 38. l. 9.

This would be wiser far, than tempt the rage
Of wicked men in this degen'rate age.

But soft ! *you* mock the threats of daring men ;

* Let them draw swords, you wear---you wear a pen.

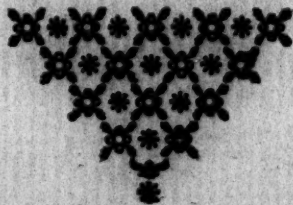
Let them display their threat'ning canes for fight,

† *You laugh at danger*, when you're out of fight.

* Vide Justification, p. 34. l. 8.

† Ibid. p. 34. l. 7.

F I N I S.



This would be wiser far, than tempt the rage
 Of wicked men in this degenerate age.
 But lo! you mock the threats of daring men;
 * Let them draw swords, you wear--you wear a pen.
 Let them display their threatening canes for fight,
 † You laugh at danger, when you're out of sight.

* VII. Jambouille p. 24. l. 8.

† Ibid. p. 24. l. 7.



T. I. N. I. S.

